

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And hurt my brot her.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I haue a voice and prefident of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receine your offered loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I imbrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.

Giue vs the Foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkeft night
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles yong *Ostrick*, cosin *Ham*.
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onix shall he throw,
Richer then that which foure successeue Kings
In *Denmarkes* Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Canons to the Heauens, the Heauens to Earth,

Now

Prince of Denmarke.

Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*, come begin.
And you the Iudges beare a warie eye.

Trumpets
the while.

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, Trumpets and shot.

Laer. Well, againe.

Flourish, a Peece goes off.

King. Stay, giue me drink, *Hamlet* this Pearle is thine.

Heere's to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. He's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowles to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard, doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience,

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there hoe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock to mine owne springe. *Ostrick*

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